

about it; everybody is civil & kind. ^{613pt2cm234} & God I thought
just make the time pass quickly & slow to the time
is.

At last we reach Bell Busk. What a pleasure it is
to breathe the fresh keen air! Not a small chimney
is in sight anywhere, not a cloud of smoke from one
grass & the leaves. We have come walk faster than
the mothers who have little children to drag along.
Soon we go through a long green country lane
till we reach the village of Malham. We know now
that we are near what we have come to see - two of
the grandest sights in Yorkshire. Indeed, people
who have travelled all the world over say that
they have ^{have rarely met with} finer rock-scenery than that
of Malham Cove & Gordale Scar.

We follow a stream whose sparkling waters are
strange to us; we think it is some mountain
beck of which we have never heard; but no, this
bright little stream in the very same Aired
whose dark discoloured waters we left behind at
Leeds.

And now a sudden turn brings us in front of
the Cove. A mighty face of rock, a half circle, rises
before us, straight & smooth as a wall, & reaching
up steep, for a height of nearly 300 feet. We are
under the semi-circle, & think as we look up -

* Suppose it were really a giant's hall of the giants
- that it shut us in all round, & there were no
way of getting out - but by the climbing to the top!
We try how it would be to cry for help, & the echo
repeats our cry; we sing, & the echo takes up the chorus.
Bushes have taken root here & there on the face of
Cove, & the floor is grass grown with scattered ^(mosses)
potholes we look at the great cliff, we feel as if we were shut
in there for ever, & could never in a good sort of
Presently, we notice a low arch at the foot of the

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Could we creep through? No, for a ~~low~~ ^{wide} mill stream
is issuing from this hole in the rock. It is no
other than the Aire, which we have tracked three paces
towards his birth-place. Do not imagine that this
is the beginning of the river; it has worked its
way down through the rock from Melkham Tarn,
a small lake on the moor above the Cove. And
before ever it reached Melkham ^{the} Tarn, ~~we~~ ^{it} ~~forced~~ ^{descended}
~~from~~ ^{that} it gathered its waters on the ~~west~~ ^{east} moor,
~~called Gordale~~ ^{go on to}

And now we ~~are~~ ^{go on to} the Gordale Scar. We work our
way through a ravine where the bare rocks nearly
meet on each side of us, & what a scene of wonder
we are in! There can be no doubt about it, the
Giants have been here & have built themselves
these monstrous castles, ~~so high that a hundred~~
~~children standing on each other's shoulders~~
~~would hardly reach to the top, vast as they~~
are high. Now we have the outside, ^{first} the round towers,
~~stone overhanging towers & outer courts of the~~
Castle, not as at Melkham Cove, the inside side.
These "immense spooks" take our breath away.
They are so like the buildings of ^{in form, yet}
as so huge & grand that ~~the largest~~ ^{Windsor} ~~castle~~
Castle would look puny by their side.

A stream has bored a curious round hole for
itself through the rock at the upper end of the
ravine, & down it comes, a pretty little waterfall
& it works its way out amongst the rocks till it
escapes from the ravine into the low-lying region
the moor.

The river Sept 15/1862

away the bridge which spans it - the building
which ^{on its banks} ~~come in its way~~. The ^{the} ~~logman~~ is heard
which ^{it} ~~it~~ overtakes & sweeps along in the terrible
flood, quick as thought - he is borne past the
village folk before any help can be given!

There are pleasant pretty villages scattered
in the valley, two or three miles apart, with
many cottages in the village street. For the chief
business of the Craven people is to rear cattle
& sheep. Hardly a corn field will you come
upon in the upper valley, but such meadows
gay with many coloured flowers - especially
with a big purple wild geranium - before the grass
is cut, & then, of the brightest green, looking
prettier than any gentleman's lawn.

And what a time the hay harvest is, not a
woman or a child is to be found at home,
but out in the fields you see them, tossing
the sweet hay & loading the carts high as a house.
Then, peeping the laughing children on the top!

And these lovely meadows stretch away
on each side of the Wharfe & fill the valley &
climb the lower slopes of the hills. But up above
stretch the long lines of the bar brown fells
which shut in Wharfe dale in both ends. The
^{higher up the valley} higher you go, the closer draw the fells until
at last you get ^{upon} the moors; & the closer you
go, the wider spreads the valley, & the further apart
are the fells. The sheep find scanty pasture
on the fell sides, higher up, are patches of ling & heather
& if you climb to the top, you are on the ~~wide~~ moor.
Pleasant shady trees, chiefly ash, & oak, & yew, & maple

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It scattered over the meadows; every now & then
you come to a ^{small} wood, for, many, many years
ago, nearly the whole valley was covered with a great
forest. You may gather snowdrops ^{in the wood} in the
spring, & later on, lilies of the valley; & in the
thick summer days, bring your baskets for wild
raspberries, big as those that grow in gardens.

Lower Wharfedale, below Ilkley, is still a pleasant
green valley with meadows & patches of wood; but
its play days are over; the river has to worth now, &
the tall chimneys ~~sitting~~ ^{rising} of busy towns gather
on its banks; but the mills are another
crowded together into immense towns as in
Airedale. A good view of the river, up & down
among the hills called the Chevin
~~is a~~ ^{nothing} pleasant ^{little} town of Ilkley.

Part II Tales of Wharfedale.

We have been up the valley & down the valley, & have
left the middle of Wharfedale until the last, because
there is something to be said about it.

First, there is Ilkley, a charming town on the
edge of Burnholme's Moor, with the river at its
feet. Here, upon the moor side, are immense
palace-like houses, where rich people keep
holiday, & come to be cured of their ^{ailments} ~~complaints~~
by means of cold water & the fine air of the moors.
Ben Rhysdall & Ilkley Wells House are the
best known of these. There is a convalescent
home for poor people here, too, built by a rich
merchandise of Bradford for the ^{rich} ~~poor~~ folk of that
town. The great rocks on the edge of the moor
are called the Cow & Calf Rocks because, seen
from a distance, they look something like a
cow & calf. On the side of the C. is an enormous
rock

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Self on Wood ground & amidst lovely scenery, the
winds about in a sort, in the most curious way,
so that, from the high slopes, you may sometimes
conform a fine, ^{clear} path lines at once. And every loop of
the river winds round a lovely green ^{tree-shaded} meadow
~~sprinkled with trees~~ & dotted with cattle. ^{There}
On either side of the wide green ^{meadow} ~~meadows~~ or
the high fells, not bare but covered with woods.

Now, the woods gather up close to the river's
bank, & the branches ~~of~~ of the trees dip in the
water, & soon, they fall back leaving open green
lawns. Now, monstrous crags shoot up amongst
the trees, & ~~from whence~~ ^{from whence} ~~point you north~~. The beautiful ruins of the
Abbey peep out of the greenness on the one hand,
& on the other far away you may see the grey
turrets of a ruined tower nearly hidden amongst
the ~~savagely bare~~ ^{thick} woods.

There are many paths amongst the woods,
fifty miles of gentle paths, it is said, & every now
& then you come to a weather-worn ^{bench} seat. You may
not be tired, but sit down, at the same. For every
seat is placed so as to command some delightful
view of the lovely valley.

Of the Abbey itself, there is a great deal to be said
if ^{for which we have not space} ~~you were old enough~~ ^{careless} ~~enough to understand~~
it. The walls are standing; columns & arches
& the lovely tracery of the windows remaining, & indeed
as ~~now perfect~~ ^{the Abbey was}, but the roof is off.

The green grass in the pavement, & grasses & ferns
wave in the windows & are rooted in the walls.

The mass of the Abbey Church is, however, roofed
in & kept in ^{very perfect} admirable order as the
Church of the village.

Wordsworth, the Lake poet, ^{has} paid a visit to the seat of
Bosworth of his day; & he was so delighted with the Abbey
& the woods that he wrote the delightful poem
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